



Hogarth. Inv.

.Scene.6.

J. Vander Gucht sculp.



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SGANARELLE

OU

LE COCU IMAGINAIRE,

COMEDIE.

Par Monsieur MOLIERE.



THE

CUCKOLD *in* CONCEIT.

A

COMEDY.

From the French of MOLIERE.

LONDON:

Printed for JOHN WATTS at the Printing-Office
in *Wild-Court* near *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*.

MDCCXXXII.

SCAMARLE

OU

LE COU IMAGINAIRE

C O M E D I E

Par M. de Molière

CHOCOLATE

Cuckoo & Company

C O M E D I E

Par M. de Molière

L O N D O N

Printed by W. & A. G. Smith

in the Strand near St. Dunstons Church

1700



T O

Miss WOLSTENHOLME.

MADAM,

BE so good to accept this little Present as an Instance of my high Esteem.

Whoever has any Knowledge of the *French* Language, or any Taste for COMEDY, must needs distinguish the Excellency of

A 3

Moliere's

DEDICATION.

Moliere's Plays: one of which is here translated. What the *English* may be, I leave others to determine; but the ORIGINAL, which You receive along with it, is, I am certain, worthy your Perusal.

Tho' what You read, at present, is called a DEDICATION, it is, perhaps, the most unlike one of any thing You ever saw: for, You'll find not one Word, in Praise, either of Your blooming Youth, Your agreeable Person, Your genteel Behaviour, Your easy Temper, or Your good Sense--and, the Reason is, that I cannot for my Life bring myself to such a Degree of Impertinence, as to sit down with a solemn Countenance, and take upon me to inform the World, that the Sun is bright, and that the Spring is lovely.

My

DEDICATION.

My Knowledge of You from
Your Infancy, and the many Ci-
vilities I am obliged for to Your
Family, will, I hope, be an Ex-
cuse for this Presumption in,

M A D A M,

Your most obedient

Enfield,
Jan. 1st 1731--2.

humble Servant,

H. B.



A C T E U R S.

G O R G I B U S, Bourgeois de Paris.

C E L I E, sa fille.

L E L I E, Amant de Célie.

G R O S - R E N E, Valet de Lélite,

S G A N A R E L L E, Bourgeois de Paris, & Cocu
Imaginaire.

S A F E M M E.

V I L L E B R E Q U I N, Pere de Valère,

L A S U I V A N T E, de Célie.

U N P A R E N T de Sganarelle.

La S C E N E est à P A R I S.





DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GORGIBUS, *a Citizen of Paris.*

CELIA, *his Daughter.*

LELIUS, *in Love with Celia.*

GROS-RENE, *Valet of Lelius.*

SGANARELL, { *Citizen of Paris.*
 { *The Cuckold in Conceit.*

His WIFE.

VILLEBREQUE, *Father to Valerio.*

WAITING-WOMAN, *Confident to Celia.*

A RELATION *to Sganarell.*

SCENE PARIS.





SGANARELLE
OU
LE COCU IMAGINAIRE.

SCENE PREMIERE.
GORGIBUS, CELIE, SA SUIVANTE.

*CELIE sortant toute éplorée, & son Pere
la suivant.*



H! n'espérez jamais que mon cœur y
consente?

GORGIBUS.

Que marmotez-vous-là, petite imper-
tinente?

Vous prétendez choquer ce que j'ai
résolu,

Je n'aurai pas sur vous un pouvoir absolu?

Et par sottes raisons votre jeune cervelle,

Voudroit régler ici la raison paternelle!

Qui de nous deux à l'autre a droit de faire loi?

A votre avis, qui mieux, ou de vous, ou de moi,

O sotte, peut juger ce qui vous est utile?

Par



THE
CUCKOLD *in* CONCEIT.

SCENE *the* FIRST.

GORGIBUS, CELIA, and her *Waiting-woman*.

CELIA *coming out in Tears, her Father following.*

CELIA.



H, Sir! don't imagine that my Heart
can e'er comply?

GORGIBUS.

What's that you mutter, good *Mrs.*
Impertinence? dare you presume to op-
pose what I'm resolv'd upon? have
not I a Power over you that's abso-
lute? and shall your childish Noddle with its silly
Vagaries pretend in this Affair, to controul my fa-
therly Discretion? ----- Pray, which of us two has
most Right to command the other, and which, in
your wise Opinion, is best able to judge what is ad-
vantageous

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Par la corbleu, gardez d'échauffer trop ma bile ;
 Vous pourriez éprouver sans beaucoup de longueur ;
 Si mon bras fait encor montrer quelque vigueur ;
 Votre plus court sera, Madame la mutine,
 D'accepter sans façons l'Epoux qu'on vous destine :
J'ignore, dites-vous, de quelle humeur il est,
Et dois auparavant consulter, s'il vous plaît.
 Informé du grand bien qui lui tombe en partage,
 Dois-je prendre le soin d'en savoir davantage ?
 Et cet Epoux ayant vingt mille bons Ducats,
 Pour être aimé de vous doit-il manquer d'appas ?
 Allez, tel qu'il puisse être avecque cette somme,
 Je vous suis caution qu'il est très-honnête homme.

CELIE.

Hélas !

GORGIBUS.

Hé bien hélas ! que veut dire ceci ?
 Voyez le bel hélas qu'elle nous donne ici !
 Hé ! que si la colère une fois me transporte,
 Je vous ferai chanter hélas, de belle sorte.
 Voilà, voilà le fruit de ces empressements
 Qu'on vous voit nuit & jour à lire vos Romans ;
 De quolibets d'amours votre tête est remplie,
 Et vous parlez de Dieu, bien moins que de Clélie.
 Jetez moi dans le feu tous ces méchans écrits
 Qui gâtent tous les jours tant de jeunes esprits ;
 Lisez-moi comme il faut, au lieu de ces sornettes,
 Les Quatrains de Pibrac, & les doctes Tablettes
 Du Conseiller Matthieu, ouvrage de valeur,
 Et plein de beaux dictons à réciter par cœur.
 La Guide des Pécheurs est encore un bon Livre ;
 C'est là qu'en peu de temps on apprend à bien vivre,
 Et si vous n'aviez lû que ces Moralités,
 Vous sauriez un peu mieux suivre mes volontés.

CELIE

The CUCKOLD in Conceit. 13

vantageous for you? ---- Be cautious I advise you, not to provoke my Rage too much, or, by *George!* you shall quickly feel what Strength remains in this old Arm of mine. Your shortest way, *Madam Obstinacy*, would be, to take the Husband that's allotted for you, without any more ado: but you are pleas'd to cry, *I don't know what kind of Temper he is of, and think it proper to consider beforehand, whether or not he be suitable to my Taste.* ---- After being sufficiently inform'd of the large Fortune that is fallen to him, what occasion have I to trouble my Head about any thing farther? or can this Man with 20000 *l.* want any kind of Accomplishments to render him amiable in your Eyes? --- Come, come, let him be what he will, with this Sum of Money, I'll engage my Honour, that he's a very worthy Gentleman.

CELIA.

Alas!

GORGIBUS.

Alas indeed! What do you mean by that? d'ye mark the fine *Alas* which she presents us with here? ---- but *Hussy*, if you once put me into a Passion, I shall make you sing forth *alas*, in a much more harmonious Manner. ---- See, now, what comes of that eagerness of yours in studying Romances Night and Day, whereby your Brains are so stuff'd with preposterous Amours, that you talk of God Almighty much seldomer than you do of *Oroondates*. But all those mischievous Books that are continually corrupting the Minds of young People I'll have thrown into the Fire, and in the Room of such like Trumpery, read me, as you ought to do, *Mr. Francis Quarles's ingenious Emblems* and the *Pilgrim's Progress*, a valuable Work, that's full of fine Sentiments for you to learn by Heart. ---- These Writings quickly instruct People how to spend their Lives well, and if you had never read any but such pieces of Morality, you would have known better how to submit to my Commands.

CELIA.

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CELIE.

Quoi, vous prétendez donc, mon Pere, que j'oublie
La constante amitié que je dois à Lélie?
J'aurois tort, si sans vous je dispoisois de moi;
Mais vous-même à ses vœux engageâtes ma foi.

GORGIBUS.

Luy fût-elle engagée encore davantage,
Un autre est survenu dont le bien l'en dégage :
Lélie est fort bien fait, mais appren qu'il n'est rien
Qui ne doive céder au soin d'avoir du bien :
Que l'or donne aux plus laids certain charme pour
plaire,
Et que sans lui le reste est une triste affaire.
Valere, je crois bien, n'est pas de toi chéri,
Mais s'il ne l'est Amant, il le sera Mari.
Plus que l'on ne le croit, ce nom d'Epoux engage,
Et l'amour est souvent un fruit du mariage.
Mais suis-je pas bien fat de vouloir raisonner,
Où de droit absolu j'ai pouvoir d'ordonner ?
Trêve donc, je vous prie, à vos impertinences,
Que je n'entende plus vos sottes doléances.
Ce gendre doit venir vous visiter ce soir,
Manquez un peu, manquez à le bien recevoir;
Si je ne vous lui vois faire fort bon visage,
Je vous ---- je ne veux pas en dire davantage.



SCENE II.

CELIE, SA SUIVANTE.

LA SUIVANTE.

QUOI refuser, Madame, avec cette rigueur
Ce que tant d'autres gens voudroient de tout
leur cœur !

A

CELIA.

Dear Sir, do you suppose, I can e'er forget that inviolable Affection which I owe to *Lelius*? I should do wrong, I own, to marry any Body without your Approbation; but it was yourself that authoriz'd his Vows and engaged us to each other.

GORGIBUS.

Were those Engagements much stronger than they are, the Fortune of this other Man is sufficient to annul them all.---- I confess that *Lelius* is a pretty Fellow, but I would have you learn, Mistress, that all things must give way to Gold, that Wealth will make even the most ugly charming, and that Matrimony without it is but a very melancholy Business. As for *Valerio*, I don't suppose that you are exceeding fond of him: but tho' he's not a Lover to your Mind, he'll make an Husband good enough.---The very name of Husband has somewhat in it more endearing than can easily be imagined, and Love is oftentimes the happy Consequence of Marriage.---But what a Fool am I to stand reasoning where I have an unlimited Power to command?----Have done, I beseech you, with your Impertinences, and let me hear no more of your ridiculous Complaints.--- This Evening *Valerio* intends to visit you, and, if you think proper, you may give him a cold Reception; but if I find that you don't put on a very chearful Countenance, depend upon it--- I'll say no more about the Matter.



SCENE II.

CELIA, and her Waiting-woman.

WAITING-WOMAN.

W HAT, Madam! do you thus rigidly refuse a Thing, which so many other People would accept

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A des offres d'Himen répondre par des larmes,
 Et tarder tant à dire un oui si plein de charmes,
 Hélas! que ne veut-on aussi me marier!
 Ce ne seroit pas moi qui se feroit prier,
 Et loin qu'un pareil oui me donnât de la peine,
 Croyez que j'en dirois bien vite une douzaine.
 Le Précepteur qui fait répéter la leçon
 A votre jeune frere a fort bonne raison,
 Lorsque nous discourant des choses de la terre,
 Il dit que la femelle est ainsi que le Lierre,
 Qui croît beau tant qu'à l'arbre il se tient bien ferré,
 Et ne profite point, s'il en est séparé.
 Il n'est rien de plus vrai, ma très-chere Maîtresse,
 Et je l'éprouve en moi chétive péchereffe.
 Le bon Dieu fasse paix à mon pauvre Martin:
 Mais j'avois, lui vivant, le teint d'un Chérubin,
 L'embonpoint merveilleux, l'œil gai, l'ame con-
 tente,

Et maintenant je suis ma Commere dolente.
 Pendant cet heureux temps, passé comme un éclair,
 Je me couchois sans feu dans le fort de l'Hiver;
 Sécher même les draps me sembloit ridicule,
 Et je tremble à présent dedans la Canicule.
 Enfin il n'est rien tel, Madame, croyez-moi,
 Que d'avoir un mari la nuit auprès de soi,
 Ne fût que pour l'heur d'avoir qui vous saluë,
 D'un Dieu vous soit en aide, alors qu'on éternuë.

CELIE.

Peux-tu me conseiller de commettre un forfait,
 D'abandonner Lélie, & prendre ce mal fait?

LA SUIVANTE.

Votre Lélie aussi n'est ma foi qu'une bête,
 Puisque si hors de tems son voyage l'arrête;
 Et la grande longueur de son éloignement
 Me le fait soupçonner de quelque changement.

CELIE, lui montrant le Portrait de Lélie.

Ah! ne m'accable point par ce triste présage,
 Vois attentivement les traits de ce visage,

Ils

accept with all their Hearts?-- To answer the Offer of a good Husband with weeping, and delay at this rate to say a single *Yes*, which is such a charming one too? -- Well, I wish any one would marry me! I'm sure I should need no great Intreaty; for so far from thinking it any Trouble to say *yes* once, believe me, I'd repeat it over a dozen times together. --- Your Brother's Tutor is a wise Man, and one Day, as we were talking about worldly Affairs, a Woman, says he, is like the *Ivy*, which appears green and beautiful while it twines round some sturdy Tree, but is good for nothing if it be pull'd away. --- Dear Lady! nothing is a greater Truth than this, as I miserable Sinner wofully experience. --- God rest the Soul of my poor *Martin*! when he was alive, my Complexion was like a Cherubim's, I was plump and comely, my Eyes sparkled with Gaiety, and my Heart was fully satisfy'd: and even to this Moment I lament the loss of him. --- In those Days of Pleasure, which flew away like Lightning, I never warm'd my Bed tho' in the sharpest Winter, nay, to air the Sheets I thought a thing ridiculous; but, now, I shiver even in the sultry Dog-days. --- In short, Madam, I assure you, there's nothing like having an Husband to lie by one's side o'Nights, was it only to cry *God bless ye*, whenever one may chance to sneeze.

CELIA.

Can you advise me to do such a wicked thing as to forsake *Lelius*, and take up with this ugly Fellow?

WAITING-WOMAN.

O my Faith, your *Lelius* is a meer Brute, to stay away at this unseasonable time; his long absence makes me very much suspect his Constancy.

CELIA *shewing her the Picture of* *Lelius*.

O! don't sink me quite by such a dire Presage! observe attentively the Features of this Face, they
swear

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Ils jurent à mon cœur d'éternelles ardeurs;
Je veux croire après tout qu'ils ne sont pas menteurs;
Et comme c'est celui que l'art y représente,
Il conserve à mes feux une amitié constante.

LA SUIVANTE.

Il est vrai que ces traits marquent un digne Amant,
Et que vous avez lieu de l'aimer tendrement.

CELIE.

Et cependant il faut---- ah soutien-moi.

Laisant tomber le Portrait de Lélie.

LA SUIVANTE.

Madame,
D'où vous pourroit venir ----- ah! bons Dieux, elle
pâme.

Hé! vite, holà quelqu'un.



SCENE III.

CELIE, LA SUIVANTE.

SGANARELE.

Qu'est-ce donc? me voilà.

LA SUIVANTE.

Ma Maîtresse se meurt.

SGANAELLE.

Quoi, n'est-ce que cela?

Je croyois tout perdu, de crier de la sorte;
Mais approchons pourtant. Madame, êtes-vous morte?
Hai? elle ne dit mot.

LA SUIVANTE.

Helas! daignez me l'apporter,
Il lui faut du vinaigre, & j'en cours apprêter.

SCENE

The CUCKOLD in Conceit. 19

swear eternal mutual fervent Passion, ---- and, after all, I would not willingly believe them Lyars: but that he's such as Art here represents, and for my Love preserves an unchangeable Affection.

WAITING - WOMAN.

Really, these Features speak a deserving Lover, and you have good Reason to regard him tenderly.

CELIA.

And yet I must ---- Ah! support me.

Letting fall the Picture of Lelius.

WAITING - WOMAN.

Madam! how does this happen! ---- O good God! she faints, ----- Oh! make haste, help there, somebody.



SCENE III.

CELIA, and her Waiting-Woman.

SGANARELL.

WHAT's the Matter? ----- I'm here.

WAITING - WOMAN.

O! Sir, my Lady's dying.

SGANARELL.

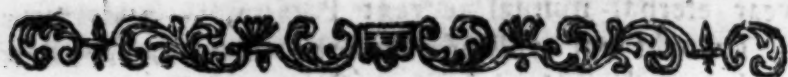
What, is that all? You made such a Noise, I thought the World had been at an End. ---- Let's see, however, ---- Madam, are you dead? ---- um! ---- she does not speak.

WAITING - WOMAN.

Alas! ---- Pray, Sir, please to lift her in, while I run and get some Vinegar to recover her.

SCENE

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SCENE IV.

CELIE, SGANARELLE, SA FEMME.

SGANARELLE, *en lui passant la main sur
le Sein de Célie.*

ELLE est froide par tout, & je ne fais qu'en dire :
Approchons-nous pour voir si sa bouche respire.
Ma foi je ne fais pas ; mais j'y trouve encore moi
Quelque signe de vie.

LA FEMME DE SGANARELLE *re-
gardant par la fenêtre.*

Ah : qu'est-ce que je vois ?

Mon Mari dans ses bras -- -- Mais je m'en vais de-
scendre,

Il me trahit sans doute, & je veux le surprendre,

SGANARELLE.

Il faut se dépêcher de l'aller secourir,

Certes elle auroit tort de se laisser mourir ;

Aller en l'autre monde est très-grande sottise,

Tant que dans celui-ci l'on peut être de mise.

Il l'emporte.



SCENE V.

LA FEMME DE SGANARELLE *seule.*

IL s'est subitement éloigné de ces lieux,
Et sa fuite a trompé mon desir curieux :
Mais de sa trahison je ne suis plus en doute,
Et le peu que j'ai vu me la découvre toute.



SCENE IV.

CELIA, SGANARELL, and his Wife.

Sganarell putting his Hand into Celia's Bosom.

SGANARELL.

SHE's cold all over, and I don't know what to say to it: --- Let's try her Lips, whether she breathes or not. --- Faith, I can't tell! --- But, I perceive some Tokens of Life in my self, I am sure.

The Wife of Sganarell looking at him from the Window,
W I F E.

Ah! what's that I see? --- Somebody in my Husband's Arms! ----- I'll run down and learn the meaning of it: He's false to me most certainly, and I should be glad to catch him.

SGANARELL.

Some speedy Method must be taken for her Assistance; it would be a sad thing for her to die in this Manner. A Journey to the other World is very foolish, so long as a Body can be able to stay in this.

He carries her off.



SCENE V.

SGANARELL's Wife alone.

HE's gone so suddenly from the Place, that my Curiosity is disappointed: but I make no doubt of his Baseness, for that the little I have seen sufficiently discovers. I now no longer wonder at that
strange

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Je ne m'étonne plus de l'étrange froideur
Dont je le vois répondre à ma pudique ardeur,
Il réserve, l'ingrat, ses caresses à d'autres,
Et nourrit leurs plaisirs par le jeûne des notres.
Voilà de nos Maris le procédé commun,
Ce qui leur est permis leur devient importun.
Dans les commencemens ce sont toutes merveilles;
Ils témoignent pour nous des ardeurs nompareilles;
Mais les traîtres bien-tôt se lassent de nos feux,
Et portent autre part ce qu'ils doivent chez eux.
Ah! que j'ai de dépit, que la loi n'autorise
A changer de Mari comme on fait de chemise.
Cela seroit commode, & j'en fais telle ici
Qui comme moi ma foi le voudroit bien aussi.

En ramassant le Portrait que Célie avoit laissé tomber.
Mais quelle est ce bijou que le sort me présente?
L'émail en est fort beau, la gravûre charmante,
Ouvrons.



SCENE VI.

SGANARELLE, & SA FEMME.

SGANARELLE.

ON la croyoit morte, & ce n'étoit rien.
Il n'en faut plus qu'autant, elle se porte bien.
Mais j'apperçois ma Femme.

SA FEMME.

O ciel! c'est mignature,
Et voilà d'un belle Homme une vive peinture.

*SGANARELLE, à part & regardant sur
l'épaule de sa Femme.*

Que considere-t-elle avec attention?
Ce Portrait mon honneur, ne nous dit rien de bon;
D'un fort vilain soupçon je me sens l'ame émuë.

S A

The CUCKOLD in Conceit. 23

strange Coldness with which he returns my modest Love: the ungrateful Wretch reserves his Fondness for others, and heightens their Pleasures at the Price of my Satisfaction. --- But it is the common Way of Husbands to become indifferent towards what is in their Power. At the Beginning they all do Wonders, and seem to have a most violent Passion for us; but the Traitors soon grow weary of our Fondness, and carry elsewhere what is due to us alone. O how it vexes me, that the Laws will not permit a Body to change one's Husband as often as one does one's Shift! That would be mighty convenient; and troth, I know some People, as well as myself, that it would please exceedingly. ---

Taking up the Picture which Celia had let fall.

--- But what fine Thing is this that Fortune here presents me? --- The Enamel is delicate, the Engraving charming; --- Let's see what's within Side of it.



SCENE VI.

SGANARELL *and his Wife.*

SGANARELL.

THEY thought her dead: there was nothing in it tho': She only made believe, and is mighty well again. --- But, I see my Wife.

WIFE.

O Heaven! 'tis in Miniature a fine Picture of an exceeding handsom Man.

SGANARELL *aside, looking over his Wife's Shoulder.*

What is it she examines with so much Earnestness? --- This Picture bodes my Honour no kind of good: A very ugly Jealousy begins to work within my Bosom.

His

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SA FEMME *sans l'appercevoir continue.*

Jamais rien de plus beau ne s'offrit à ma vûe ;
Le travail plus que l'or s'en doit encor priser.
Ho que cela sent bon !

SGANARELLE, *à part.*
Quoi, peste, le baiser !
Ha ! j'en tiens.

SA FEMME, *poursuit.*
Avouons qu'on doit être ravie ;
Quand d'un homme ainsi fait on se peut voir servir.
Et que s'il en contoit avec attention,
Le penchant seroit grand à la tentation.
Ah ! que n'ai-je un mari d'une aussi bonne mine,
Au lieu de mon pelé, de mon rustre ----

SGANARELLE, *lui arrachant le Portrait.*
Ah ! mâtine,
Nous vous y surprenons en faute contre nous,
Et diffamant l'honneur de votre cher Epoux :
Donc à votre calcul, ô ma trop digne Femme !
Monsieur, tout bien compté, ne vaut pas bien Ma-

dame ?
Et de par Belzébut qui vous puisse emporter,
Quel plus rare parti pourriez-vous souhaiter ?
Qui peut trouver en moi quelque chose à redire ?
Cette taille, ce port, que tout le monde admire,
Ce visage si propre à donner de l'amour,
Pour qui mille beautés soupirent nuit & jour ;
Bref, en tout & par tout ma personne charmante,
N'est donc pas un morceau dont vous soyez contente
Et pour rassasier votre appétit gourmand,
Il faut joindre au mari le ragoût d'un Galand.

SA FEMME.
J'entends à demi mot où va la raillerie,
Tu crois par ce moyen ----

SGANA

The CUCKOLD in Conceit. 27

His Wife talks on without seeing him.

W I F E.

I never saw any thing in my Life so beautiful! The Workmanship is much more valuable than the Gold. --- O how richly 'tis perfum'd!

SGANARELL *aside.*

What, a plague! does she kiss it too! --- Nay, then I have it.

His Wife talks on.

W I F E.

I protest it would be a charming thing to have such a lovely Man as this at a Body's Feet. If he should make his Addresses pressingly, Nature would be very strong on the side of the Temptation. Alas! why had not I a handsom Man like this for a Husband, instead of my Dolt, my Rustick.

Sganarell snatching the Picture from her.

SGANARELL.

What, *Huffy!* have I surprized you in the very Act of Rebellion, blaspheming the Honour of your own dear Spouse? --- Pray, my too good Wife! according to your Calculation, and all Things well consider'd, is not my Lord as good as my Lady? --- What, in the Devil's Name, (who may take you with my free Leave) could your Heart have wish'd for more excellent than myself? --- Who can find any thing in me that is at all amiss? --- This Shape! this Air! which every Body admires; --- this Face! so adapted to inspire Love! for which a Thousand Beauties sigh both Night and Day. And yet, there is not, it seems, about all my charming Person a Morfel that can please you: but, to cram your ravenous Appetite, the Ragoust of a Gallant must be added to that standing Dish an Husband.

W I F E.

I understand by half a Word the Drift of your Railery; you suppose by this Means ---

B

SGANA

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SGANARELLE.

A d'autres, je vous prie,
La chose est avérée, & je tiens dans mes mains,
Un bon certificat du mal dont je me plains.

SA FEMME.

Mon courroux n'a déjà que trop de violence,
Sans le charger encor d'une nouvelle offense,
Ecoute, ne croi pas retenir mon bijou,
Et songe un peu ----

SGANARELLE.

Je songe à te rompre le cou.
Que ne puis-je, aussi-bien que je tiens la Copie,
Tenir l'Original !

SA FEMME.

Pourquoi ?

SGANARELLE.

Pour rien, ma mie,
Doux objet de mes vœux, j'ai grand tort de crier,
Et mon front de vos dons vous doit remercier.

Regardant le Portrait de Lélie.

Le voilà le beau fils, le mignon de couchette,
Le malheureux tison de ta flâme secrète,
Le drôle avec lequel ----

SA FEMME.

Avec lequel ? poursuis.

SGANARELLE.

Avec lequel, te dis-je ---- & j'en crève d'ennuis.

SA FEMME.

Que me veut donc compter par là ce maître yvro-
gne ?

SGANARELLE.

Tu ne m'entens que trop, Madame la Carogne :
Sganarelle, est un nom qu'on ne me dira plus :
Et l'on va m'appeller, Seigneur Cornélius :
J'en suis pour mon honneur ; mais à toy qui me l'ôtes,
Je t'en ferai du moins pour un bras ou deux côtes.

SA

The CUCKOLD in Conceit. 27

SGANARELL.

Try to impose upon others, not me, I beseech you: --- the Fact is evident; and I have in my Hands here a certain Proof of the Injury I complain of.

WIFE.

My Anger is already but too outrageous without being increas'd by any new Affront. --- But, heark'e, don't imagine you shall keep my pretty Thing: --- pray, consider a little ---

SGANARELL.

I am considering how to break your Neck. --- That I can't have the Original at my Mercy, as much as I have the Copy!

WIFE.

For what?

SGANARELL.

O nothing at all, my Love! --- Thou dear Object of my Vows! I'm much in the wrong to chide, when my Brows ought to thank you for the Favours you bestow upon them. ---

Looking at the Picture of Lelius.

This is your pretty Man, your darling Bed-fellow, the wicked Incentive of your secret Flames, the merry Blade with whom ---

WIFE.

With whom! --- go on.

SGANARELL.

With whom, I tell you --- I almost burst with the Vexation of it.

WIFE.

What would the drunken Sot have me understand by this?

SGANARELL.

You know but too well, good Mrs. Impudence. --- My Name no longer will be *Sganarell*; Every Body now will give me the Title of Mr. *Cuckold*: I am so to my Honour --- but on you, who take it from me, I shall bestow for doing so one or two hearty Drubbings.

B 2

WIFE.

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SA FEMME.

Et tu m'oses tenir de semblables discours ?

SGANARELLE.

Et tu m'oses jouer de ces diables de tours ?

SA FEMME.

Et quels diables de tours ? parle donc sans rien feindre.

SGANARELLE.

Ah ! cela ne vaut pas la peine de se plaindre ;
D'un panache de Cerf sur le front me pourvoir,
Hélas ! voilà vraiment un beau venez-y voir !

SA FEMME.

Donc après m'avoir fait la plus sensible offense
Qui puisse d'une Femme exciter la vengeance,
Tu prends d'un feint courroux le vain amusement,
Pour prévenir l'effet de mon ressentiment ?
D'un pareil procédé l'insolence est nouvelle,
Celui qui fait l'offense est celui qui querelle.

SGANARELLE.

Eh la bonne effrontée ! à voir ce fier maintien,
Ne la croit-on pas une Femme de bien ?

SA FEMME.

Va, va, suis ton chemin, câjole tes Maîtresses,
Adresse leur tes vœux, & fai-leur des caresses ;
Mais ren-moi mon Portrait, sans te jouer de moi.

Elle luy arrache le Portrait & s'enfuit.

SGANARELLE.

Où ! tu crois m'échapper, je l'aurai malgré toi.



SCÈNE

The CUCKOLD in Conceit. 29

W I F E.

How dare you talk to me in this Manner?

S G A N A R E L L.

How dare you play me these devilish Pranks?

W I F E.

What devilish Pranks? ---- speak out your Meaning clearly.

S G A N A R E L L.

O! it's not worth complaining of: ---- this Stag's Topknot provided for my Head, is, indeed, a mighty pretty Ornament!

W I F E.

Then after having given me the greatest Provocation that can possibly excite a Wife's Revenge, dost thou imagine, by the foolish Artifice of pretending to be angry, to prevent the Effects of my Resentment? ---- Sure, such Insolence was never known before upon the like Occasion! He that does the Injury is the Person that begins the Quarrel.

S G A N A R E L L.

O the audacious Creature! ---- to see this confident Behaviour, would not any one suppose her to be a very virtuous Woman?

W I F E.

Away, ---- begone, about your Business: --- wheedle your Whores, pay your Vows to them, and let them have your Embraces; but give me my Picture, and don't make your Game of me.

She snatches the Picture, and runs away.

S G A N A R E L L.

So: ---- you think to escape me then; but in spite of your Teeth I'll have it.



S C E N E.



SCENE VII.

LELIE, GROS-RENE'.

GROS-RENE'.

ENfin, nous y voici : mais, Monsieur, si je l'ose,
Je voudrois vous prier de me dire une chose.

LELIE.

Hé bien, parle.

GROS-RENE'.

Avez vous le Diable dans le corps,
Pour ne pas succomber à de pareils efforts ?
Depuis huit jours entiers, avec vos longues traites,
Nous sommes à piquer de chiennes de mazettes,
De qui le train maudit nous a tant secoués,
Que je m'en sens pour moy tous les membres roüés ;
Sans préjudice encor d'un accident bien pire,
Qui m'afflige un endroit que je ne veux pas dire.
Cependant arrivé, vous sortez bien & beau,
Sans prendre de repos, ni manger un morceau.

LELIE.

Ce grand empressement n'est pas digne de blâme.
De l'Himen de Celie on alarme mon ame ;
Tu fais que je l'adore, & je veux être instruit
Avant tout autre soin de ce funeste bruit.

GROS-RENE'.

Oui, mais un bon repas vous seroit nécessaire,
Pour s'aller éclaircir, Monsieur, de cette affaire,
Et votre cœur, sans doute, en deviendrait plus fort,
Pour pouvoir résister aux attaques du sort.
J'en juge par moi-même, & la moindre disgrâce,
Lorsque je suis à jeûn, me saisit, me terrasse ;
Mais quand j'ai bien mangé, mon ame est ferme à tout,

Et



SCENE VII.

LELIUS, GROS-RENE.

GROS-RENE.

AT last, we are got hither : ---- but, Sir, if I may be so bold, I would desire you to tell me one Thing.

LELIUS.

Well, speak.

GROS-RENE.

Is the Devil in that Body of yours, not to sink under such Fatigues as these? ----- for eight whole Days together, riding long Stages, Whip and Spur, upon confounded Scrubs, whose cursed Trot shook us so damnably, that, for my part, every Limb of me, I'm sure, is out of Joint; without complaining of a worse Accident, that troubles me very much in a Place I will not mention. ---- And yet, no sooner are you arrived, but out you go fresh and well, without taking any Rest, or eating the least Morfel.

LELIUS.

Uncommon Earnestness on this Occasion is sure in no wise blameable. The Report of *Celia's* Marriage shocks my very Soul : ---- You know my Passion for her, and I must learn what this tormenting Rumour means, ere I admit of any other Care.

GROS-RENE.

Ay, Sir, but a good Meal would be mighty serviceable to you in the clearing up of this Matter; your Resolution, doubtless, would become thereby much more able to withstand the Strokes of Fate. --- Nay, I judge by my own self, for when I'm hungry, the least Disappointment seizes me, and pulls me down; but when I've eat my Belly-full, my Soul is

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Et les plus grands revers n'en viendroient pas à bout.
Croyez-moy, bourrez-vous, & sans réserve aucune,
Contre les coups que peut vous porter la Fortune,
Et pour fermer chez vous l'entrée à la douleur,
De vingt verres de vin entourez votre cœur.

LELIE.

Je ne sçaurois manger.

GROS-RENE', *à part ce demi vers.*

Si fait bien moi, je meure.

Votre dîné pourtant seroit prêt tout-à-l'heure.

LELIE.

Tai-toi, je te l'ordonne.

GROS-RENE.

Ah, quel ordre inhumain!

LELIE.

J'ay de l'inquiétude, & non pas de la faim.

GROS-RENE'.

Et moi j'ay de la faim, & de l'inquiétude,
De voir qu'un sot amour fait toute votre étude.

LELIE.

Laisse-moi m'informer de l'objet de mes vœux,
Et sans m'importuner, va manger si tu veux.

GROS-RENE'.

Je ne replique point à ce qu'un Maître ordonne.



SCENE VIII.

LELIE *seul.*

NON, non, à trop de peur mon ame s'abandonne :

Le Pere m'a promis, & la fille a fait voir

Des preuves d'un amour qui soutient mon espoir.

SCENE

fortify'd against every Thing, and the greatest Misfortunes signify but little.--- Trust to my Advice, Sir; drink freely, to support you against whatever Mischief Fortune can do, and float your Heart all round with Wine, that Sorrow may find no Way to enter.

LELIUS.

I cannot eat.

GROS-RENE *aside*.

Let me die, if that means me any good.--- For all that your Dinner shall be ready presently.

LELIUS.

Be silent, I command you.

GROS-RENE.

How barbarous is that Order!

LELIUS.

I am not hungry, but dissatisfy'd.

GROS-RENE.

And, for my part, I'm hungry,--- and dissatisfy'd besides; to find that a foolish Love-Business employs all your Thoughts.

LELIUS.

Leave me, to inform myself about the Mistress of my Soul, and without pressing me any more, go satisfy your own Appetite.

GROS-RENE.

I object nothing to what a Master orders.



SCENE VIN.

LELIUS *alone*.

NO: no:--- my Soul admits unreasonable Fears:--- I have the Father's Promise, and the Daughter has shewn such Proofs of Love as may support my Hopes.



SCENE IX.

SGANARELLE, LELIE.

SGANARELLE.

NOUS l'avons, & je puis voir à l'aise, la trogne
Du malheureux pendent qui cause ma vergogne,
Il ne m'est point connu.

LELIE à part.

Dieux ! qu'apperceois-je ici ?

Et si c'est mon Portrait, que dois-je croire aussi !

SGANARELLE continue.

Ah ! pauvre Sganarelle, à quelle destinée
Ta réputation est-elle condamnée ?

Faut ----

*Appercevant Lélie qui le regarde, il se tourne d'un
autre côté.*

LELIE à part.

Ce gage ne peut sans alarmer ma foi,
Etre sorti des mains qui le tenoient de moi.

SGANARELLE.

Faut-il que désormais à deux doigts on te montre,
Qu'on te mette en chansons, & qu'en toute rencontre
On te rejette au nez le scandaleux affront,
Qu'une Femme mal née imprime sur ton front ?

LELIE à part.

Me trompai-je ?

SGANARELLE.

Ah ! Truande, as-tu bien le courage
De m'avoir fait Cocu dans la fleur de mon âge ?
Et Femme d'un Mari qui peut passer pour beau,
Faut-il qu'un Marmouzet, un maudit Etourneau ----

LELIE à part, & regardant encore son Portrait.
Je ne m'abuse point, c'est mon Portrait lui-même.

SGANA-



SCENE IX.

SGANARELL, and LELIUS:

SGANARELL.

I Have got it : and now at Pleasure can examine the Countenance of that Rascal who causes my Dishonour. --- I don't know him at all.

LELIUS *aside*.

Gods ! what see I there ? --- and, if that be my Picture, what then must I believe !

SGANARELL *speaks on*.

Ah ! poor Sganarell ! to what a sad Fate is thy Reputation doom'd ? --- must ---

Perceiving Lelius observe him, he turns another way.

LELIUS *aside*.

This Pledge cannot be gone from those fair Hands to whom I gave it, without startling my Belief.

SGANARELL.

Must People point at thee with their Fingers set out like Horns from this Time forwards ? Must Songs be made about thee, and at every Turn must the scandalous Affront be flung in thy Teeth, which a damn'd Wife has printed upon thy Forehead ?

LELIUS *aside*.

Do I deceive myself ?

SGANARELL.

Oh ! Jade ! hast thou the Impudence to make me a Cuckold in the Flower of my Age ? The Wife too of an Husband that may be reckon'd handsom ; and must a Monkey, an execrable Owl ---

LELIUS *aside, looking still at the Picture.*

I am not mistaken ; it is my very Picture.

SGANARELL.

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SGANARELLE *lui tournant le dos.*
Cet homme est curieux.

LELIE *à part.*

Ma surprise est extrême.

SGANARELLE.

A qui donc en a-t-il ?

LELIE *à part.*

Je le veux accoster.

[Haut.] Puis-je --- hé ! de grace un mot.

SGANARELLE *le suit encore.*

Que me veut-il conter ?

LELIE.

Puis-je obtenir de vous, de savoir l'aventure,

Qui fait dedans vos mains trouver cette peinture ?

SGANARELLE *à part, & examinant le*

Portrait de Lelio, qu'il tient.

D'où lui vient ce désir ? mais je m'avise icy ---

Ah ! ma foi me voilà de son trouble éclairci,

Sa surprise à présent n'étonne plus mon ame,

C'est mon Homme, ou plutôt c'est celui de ma
Femme.

LELIE.

Retirez-moy de peine, & dites d'où vous vient ---

SGANARELLE.

Nous savons, Dieu mercy, le souci qui vous tient :

Ce Portrait qui vous fâche est votre ressemblance,

Il étoit dans des mains de votre connoissance,

Et ce n'est pas un fait qui soit secret pour nous,

Que les douces ardeurs de la Dame & de vous.

Je ne fais pas si j'ay dans sa galanterie,

L'honneur d'être connu de vostre Seigneurie ;

Mais faites-moi celui de cesser désormais

Un amour, qu'un Mary peut trouver fort mauvais,

Et songez que les nœuds du sacré mariage ---

LELIE.

Quoy, celle, dites-vous, qui conservoit ce gage ---

SGANARELLE.

Est ma Femme, & je suis son Mari.

LELIE.

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SGANARELL, *turning his Back towards him.*
This Man seems very inquisitive.

LELIUS *aside.*

I am exceedingly surpriz'd.

SGANARELL.

What would he be at?

LELIUS *aside.*

I'll speak to him. ---- [*aloud*] May I, --- Nay, prithee one Word.

SGANARELL *shuns him again.*

What Story would he tell me now?

LELIUS.

May I beg to know by what Accident that Picture came into your Hands?

SGANARELL *aside, examining the Picture of Lelius which he holds.*

What occasions this Desire of his? But, I am apt to think here --- O, by my Faith, the Reason of his Concern is plain enough, and I no longer wonder at his Surprise. --- This is my Man, or rather my Wife's Man.

LELIUS.

Pray ease my Pain, and tell me how you came by---

SGANARELL.

Thank God, I know what it is disturbs you: this Picture, Sir, that vexes you is your own dear Resemblance, and was found in a certain Acquaintance's Hands of yours: -- the soft Endearments between that Lady and yourself need not be made a Secret to me. I can't tell whether I've the Honour to be known to your Worship in this Piece of Gallantry; but, from this Time, do me the Favour to break off an Intrigue which an Husband may think very much amiss, and consider that the Bands of holy Wedlock ---

LELIUS.

What, she, say you, who had this Pledge ----

SGANARELL.

Is my Wife, and I am her Husband.

LELIUS.

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LELIE.

Son Mari ?

SGANARELLE.

Oui son Mari, vous dis-je ; & Mari très-marri,
Vous en sçavez la cause, & je m'en vais l'appren-
dre
Sur l'heure à ses Parens.



SCENE X.

LELIE *seul.*

AH! que viens-je d'entendre?
On me l'avoit bien dit, & que c'étoit de tous
L'homme le plus mal fait qu'elle avoit pour é-
poux.

Ah! quand mille sermens de ta bouche infidelle
Ne m'auroient pas promis une flâme éternelle,
Le seul mépris d'un choix si bas & si honteux,
Devoit bien soutenir l'intérêt de mes feux.
Ingrate, & quelque bien ---- Mais ce sensible outrage
Se mêlant aux travaux d'un assez long voyage,
Me donne tout à coup un choc si violent,
Que mon cœur devient foible, & mon corps chan-
celant,



SCENE

LELIUS.

Her Husband!

SGANARELL.

Ay: her Husband, I tell you; her very unhappy Husband: --- you, Sir, know the Reason of it, and I am this Moment going to inform her Relations.



SCENE X.

LELIUS *alone.*

A Las! what have I heard? --- 'Twas truly enough reported, that the ugliest of all his Sex was the Man she had made her Husband: --- Tho' a thousand Vows from thy unfaithful Lips had never promis'd me eternal Love, the very Scorn of such a base and shameful Choice, might have secur'd (one would have thought, sufficiently,) the Interest of my Passion. --- Ungrateful Girl! This afflicting Injury and the Fatigue of my long Journey, give me so violent a shock together, that my Heart fails, and my Body can hardly bear up under it.



SCENE

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SCENE XI.

LELIE, LA FEMME DE SGANARELLE.

*LA FEMME de Sganarelle se tournant
vers Lélie.*

MAlgré moi mon perfide ---- Hélas! quel mal
vous presse?

Je vous vois prêt, Monsieur, à tomber en foiblesse.

LELIE.

C'est un mal qui m'a pris assez subitement.

LA FEMME de Sganarelle.

Je crains icy beaucoup l'évanouissement;

Entrez dans cette Salle, en attendant qu'il passe.

LELIE.

Pour un moment ou deux j'accepte cette grace.



SCENE XII.

SGANARELLE, & LE PARENT
DE SA FEMME.

LE PARENT.

D'Un Mari sur ce point j'approuve le fouci :
Mais c'est prendre la chèvre un peu bien vite aussi ;
Et tout ce que de vous je viens d'ouïr contre elle,
Ne conclud point, Parent, qu'elle soit criminelle.
C'est un point délicat, & de pareils forfaits,
Sans les bien averer, ne s'imputent jamais.

SGANARELLE.

C'est-à-dire qu'il faut toucher au doigt la chose.

LE



SCENE XI.

LELIUS *and the Wife of SGANARELL.*

The Wife of Sganarell turning towards Lelius.

MY Traitor in spight of me ----- good lack! what ails you? --- I perceive, Sir, you are just ready to faint away.

LELIUS.

It's an Illness that's come upon me mighty suddenly.

WIFE.

I'm much afraid you'll have a swooning Fit: pray, Sir, step in here, and stay till it be over.

LELIUS.

For a Moment or two I'll accept of your kind Offer.



SCENE XII.

SGANARELL, *and his Wife's Relation.*

RELATION.

I Commend an Husband's Concern in such a Case: but this is putting yourself in a Passion somewhat too hastily, for, Kinsman, all that I have heard you alledge against her does not prove that she is criminal. It's a very ticklish Affair, and such Failings as these, unless fully prov'd, should never be charg'd upon any Body.

SGANARELL.

That is to say, there must be a Demonstration of the Thing.

RE.

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LE PARENT.

Le trop de promptitude à l'erreur nous expose.
Sait-on comme en ses mains ce Portrait est venu,
Et si l'homme après tout lui peut être connu ?
Informez-vous en mieux ; & si c'est ce qu'on pense,
Nous serons les premiers à punir son offense.



SCENE XHI.

SGANARELLE *seul.*

O N ne peut pas mieux dire ; en effet, il est bon
D'aller tout doucement. Peut-être sans raison
Me suis-je en tête mis ces visions cornuës,
Et les sueurs au front m'en sont trop tôt venuës.
Par ce Portrait enfin dont je suis alarmé,
Mon des-honneur n'est pas tout-à-fait confirmé.
Tâchons donc par nos soins -----



SCENE XIV.

SGANARELLE, SA FEMME, LÉLIE,
sur la Porte de Sganarelle, en parlant.

SGANARELLE *poursuit.*

A H ! que vois-je ? je meure,
Il n'est plus question de Portrait à cette heure,
Voici ma foi la chose en propre original.

LA FEMME *de Sganarelle à Lélie.*

C'est par trop vous hâter, Monsieur, & vôtre mal,
Si vous sortez si-tôt, pourra bien vous reprendre.

LÉLIE

R E L A T I O N.

Too easy Credulity makes us liable to Mistakes.---
Who can tell how this Picture came into her Hands,
and after all, whether the Man be known to her?
Inform yourself a little better; and if it proves as
you suspect, I'll be the foremost to punish her
Offence.



S C E N E XIII.

SGANARELL *alone.*

N^Othing could be said fairer; it is, really, the
best way to proceed calmly.--- May be, I've
brought these Visions of Horns into my Head without
a Cause, and my Brows are put into a Sweat too soon.
In short, my Dishonour is not fully prov'd by that
Picture which so much disturbs me. Let me en-
deavour then by Care.---



S C E N E XIV.

SGANARELL, *his Wife, and* LELIUS
at Sganarell's Door talking.

SGANARELL *talks on.*

A^H! what do I see? ---- s'death! there can now
be no farther doubt about the Picture, for, by
my Faith, here's the very Original.

SGANARELL's *Wife to Lelius.*

You hurry away too fast, Sir, and your Illness, if
you go out so soon, may, perhaps, return upon you.

LELIUS.

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LELIE.

Non, non, je vous rends grace autant qu'on puisse rendre,

Du secours obligeant que vous m'avez prêté.

SGANARELLE *à part.*

La masque encore après luy fait civilité.



SCENE XV.

SGANARELLE, LELIE.

SGANARELLE *à part.*

IL m'apperçoit, voyons ce qu'il me pourra dire.

LELIE *à part.*

Ah! mon ame s'émeut, & cet objet m'inspire----

Mais je dois condamner cet injuste transport,

Et n'imputer mes maux qu'aux rigueurs de mon fort.

Envions seulement le bonheur de sa flâme.

O trop heureux d'avoir une si belle Femme!

Passant auprès de lui & le regardant.



SCENE XVI.

SGANARELLE, CELIE, *regardant
par sa fenêtre aller Lélie.*

SGANARELLE *sans Celie.*

CE n'est point s'expliquer en termes ambigus;

Cet étrange propos me rend aussi confus,

Que s'il m'étoit venu des Cornes à la tête,

Allez, ce procédé n'est point du tout honnête.

Il se tourne du côté que Lélie vient de s'en aller.

CELIE.

LELIUS.

No, Madam, I hope not. --- I thank you as much as possible for the kind Assistance which you have given me.

SGANARELL *aside.*

Civility is his Pretence still.



SCENE XV.

SGANARELL, LELIUS.

SGANARELL *aside.*

HE observ'd me: let's see now what he can say to me.

LELIUS *aside.*

Oh! my Soul is mov'd! and that Object inspires me --- but I ought to disapprove this wrong apply'd Resentment, and only impute my Sufferings to the unkindness of my Destiny: --- yet I must envy his successful Passion, who is too too happy in having a Wife so beautiful.

Passing by him and looking back.



SCENE XVI.

SGANARELL, CELIA *at her Window*
seeing Lelius walk away.

SGANARELL *to himself.*

THIS is explaining himself in a manner not hard to be understood: His strange Speech surprizes me as much as if he had put the very Horns upon my Head. --- Get thee gone; --- this way of proceeding is not at all honourable.

He turns from that side where Lelius walks off.

CELIA,

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CELIE à part.

Quoi, Lélie a paru tout-à-l'heure à mes yeux,
Qui pourroit me cacher son retour en ces lieux ?

SGANARELLE *poursuit.*

O trop heureux d'avoir une si belle Femme !
Malheureux, bien plutôt, de l'avoir cette infâme,
Dont le coupable feu trop bien vérifié,
Sans respect ni demi nous a cocufié.

CELIE *approche peu à peu de lui, & attend que son transport soit fini pour lui parler.*

Mais je le laisse aller après un tel indice,
Et demeure les bras croisés comme un Jocrice ?
Ah ! je devois du moins lui jeter son chapeau,
Lui ruer quelque pierre, ou crotter son manteau ;
Et sur lui hautement, pour contenter ma rage,
Faire au Larron d'honneur crier le voisinage.

CELIE.

Celui qui maintenant devers vous est venu
Et qui vous a parlé, d'où vous est-il connu ?

SGANARELLE.

Helas ! ce n'est pas moi qui le connois, Madame,
C'est ma Femme.

CELIE.

Quel trouble agite ainsi vostre ame ?

SGANARELLE.

Ne me condamnez point d'un deuil hors de saison,
Et laissez-moi pousser des soupirs à foison.

CELIE.

D'où vous peuvent venir ces douleurs non communes ?

SGANARELLE.

Si je suis affligé, ce n'est pas pour des prunes,
Et je le donnerois à bien d'autres qu'à moi,
De se voir sans chagrin au point où je me voi.
Des Maris malheureux vous voyez le modèle,
On dérobe l'honneur au pauvre Sganarelle ;
Mais c'est peu que l'honneur dans mon affliction,
L'on me dérobe encor la réputation.

CELIE.

CELIA aside.

How! was that *Lelius* I saw this Moment? what can possibly be the Reason his Return is conceal'd from me?

SGANARELL talks on.

Too too happy in having a Wife so beautiful? Much rather Unhappy in having such an infamous Minx, whose guilty Passion (which is now but too apparent,) without any Respect has made a Cuckold of me. *CELIA comes towards him by little and little, and waits till his Transport be over that she may speak to him.*

But do I suffer him to go away after such a Declaration, and stand with my Arms across, like a Henpeckt-Fellow? --- I ought at least to beat his Hat off, or throw Stones at him, or bedaub his Clothes all over: and to satisfy my Anger bravely, I should do the Rogue the Honour to raise the Mob upon him.

CELIA.

Pray, Sir, how came you acquainted with that Gentleman who pass'd by just now and talked to you?

SGANARELL.

Alas! Madam, it is not I that am acquainted with him, 'tis my Wife.

CELIA.

What Uneasiness thus disturbs your Mind?

SGANARELL.

Don't blame me as if my Sorrows were unseasonable, but permit me to sigh abundantly.

CELIA.

What can be the occasion of this uncommon Grief?

SGANARELL.

If I am afflicted, 'tis not for Trifles: and I defy other People to find themselves in my Condition without Disturbance. --- Here, Madam, you see the Model of unhappy Husbands: poor *Sganarell's* Honour is taken from him! but the loss of my Honour is the least part of my Uneasiness, for I'm depriv'd of my Reputation also.

CELIA.

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CELIE.

Comment ?

SGANARELLE.

Ce Damoiseau, parlant par révérence,
Me fait Cocu, Madame, avec toute licence,
Et j'ai su par mes yeux avérer aujourd'hui,
Le commerce secret de ma Femme & de lui.

CELIE.

Celui qui maintenant

SGANARELLE.

Où, où, me deshonne,
Il adore ma Femme, & ma Femme l'adore.

CELIE.

Ah j'avois bien jugé que ce secret retour
Ne pouvoit me couvrir que quelque lâche tour !
Et j'ai tremblé d'abord en le voyant paroître,
Par un pressentiment de ce qui devoit être.

SGANARELLE.

Vous prenez ma défense avec trop de bonté,
Tout le monde n'a pas la même charité,
Et plusieurs qui tantôt ont appris mon martyre,
Bien loin d'y prendre part, n'en ont rien fait que rire.

CELIE.

Est-il rien de plus noir que ta lâche action ?
Et peut-on lui trouver une punition ?
Dois-tu ne te pas croire indigne de la vie,
Après t'être souillé de cette perfidie ?
O ciel est-il possible ?

SGANARELLE.

Il est trop vrai pour moy.

CELIE.

Ah ! traître, Scélérat, Ame double & sans foi.

SGANARELLE.

La bonne Ame,

CELIE.

CELIA.

In what manner?

SGANARELL.

That Spark, with reverence be it spoke, has taken the Liberty, Madam, to make a Cuckold of me, and this very Day my own Eyes have been Witness of the private Intercourse between my Wife and him.

CELIA.

He who just now? ----

SGANARELL.

Ay, Ay, 'tis he that brings Disgrace upon me; he's in Love with my Wife, and my Wife's in Love with him.

CELIA.

Ah! how well I judg'd that his coming back thus secretly could only be to conceal from me some base Design! ---- and I trembled at the Sight of him from a sad foreboding of what would happen.

SGANARELL.

You espouse my Cause with too much Kindness, but all People have not the same Charity; for many that have already heard my Sufferings, so far from taking my Part, have only thought fit to laugh at them.

CELIA.

Is there any thing more black than this vile Action? Or can a Punishment be found for him? ---- Polluted as thou art with such base Treachery, dost thou not think thyself unfit to live? ---- O Heaven! is it possible?

SGANARELL.

'Tis but too true for me.

CELIA.

O Traitor! Villain! deceitful faithless Wretch!

SGANARELL.

Good-natur'd Creature!

C

CELIA.

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CELIE.

Non, non, l'Enfer n'a point de gêne
Que ne soit pour ton crime une trop douce peine.

SGANARELLE.

Que voilà bien parler!

CELIE.

Avoir ainsi traité
Et la même innocence, & la même bonté!

SGANARELLE. *Il soupire haut.*

Hai!

CELIE.

Un cœur qui jamais n'a fait la moindre chose,
A mériter l'affront où ton mépris l'expose!

SGANARELLE.

Il est vrai.

CELIE.

Qui bien loin --- Mais c'est trop, & ce cœur
Ne sauroit y songer sans mourir de douleur.

SGANARELLE.

Ne vous fâchez point tant, ma très-chère Madame,
Mon mal vous touche trop, & vous me percez l'ame.

CELIE.

Mais ne t'abuse pas jusqu'à te figurer,
Qu'à des plaintes sans fruit j'en veuille demeurer:
Mon cœur pour se venger fait ce qu'il te faut faire,
Et j'y cours de ce pas, rien ne m'en peut distraire.



SCENE XVII.

SGANARELLE *seul.*

QUE le Ciel la préserve à jamais de danger!
Voyez quelle bonté de vouloir me venger.
En effet, son courroux qu'excite ma disgrâce,
M'enseigne hautement ce qu'il faut que je fasse,

Et

The CUCKOLD in Conceit. 51

CELIA.

No: --- Hell has not a Torment but what is much too gentle for thy Guilt.

SGANARELL.

How finely she talks!

CELIA.

Thus to abuse both Innocence and Goodness!

SGANARELL *sighing loud.*

Ah!

CELIA.

A Heart that never, in the least Particular, could merit those Affronts which thy Contempt brings on it?

SGANARELL.

True.

CELIA.

Who very far --- but it's too much; nor can this Breast endure the Thought without a killing Anguish.

SGANARELL.

My dear Lady, don't vex yourself in this Manner: you're too much touch'd with my Misfortune, and pierce the very Soul o' me.

CELIA.

But don't deceive thyself so far as to fancy that I'll sit down satisfied with fruitless Complaints; my Heart is not ignorant how it must deal with thee to avenge it self: That I now hasten to, and nothing can divert me from it.



SCENE XVII.

SGANARELL *alone.*

Heaven keep her always out of Harm's Way! --- Observe with how much Goodness she would avenge me. --- Really her Anger, which my Disgrace excites, plainly teaches me what I must do myself:

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Et l'on ne doit jamais souffrir sans dire mot
De semblables affronts, à moins qu'être un vrai sot.
Courons donc le chercher ce pendart qui m'affronte ;
Montrons notre courage à venger notre honte.
Vous apprendrez, Marouffe, à rire à nos dépens,
Et sans aucun respect faire Cocus les gens.
DouceMENT, s'il vous plaît, cet homme a bien la mine...

Il se retourne ayant fait trois ou quatre pas.

D'avoir le sang bouillant, & l'ame un peu mutine,
Il pourroit bien, mettant affront dessus affront,
Charger de bois mon dos, comme il a fait mon front.
Je hais de tout mon cœur les esprits colériques,
Et porte grand amour aux hommes pacifiques.
Je ne suis point battant de peur d'être battu,
Et l'humeur débonnaire est ma grande vertu.
Mais mon honneur me dit que d'une telle offense
Il faut absolument que je prenne vengeance.
Ma foi laissons le dire autant qu'il lui plaira,
Au diantre qui pourtant rien du tout en fera :
Quand j'aurai fait le brave, & qu'un fer pour ma
peine

M'aura d'un vilain coup transpercé la bedaine,
Que par la Ville ira le bruit de mon trépas :
Dites moi, mon honneur, en serez-vous plus gras ?
La Bierre est un séjour par trop mélancolique,
Et trop mal sain pour ceux qui craignent la colique ;
Et quand à moi je trouve, ayant tout compassé,
Qu'il faut mieux être encor Cocu que trepassé.
Quel mal cela fait-il ? la jambe en devient-elle
Plus tortuë après tout, & la taille moins belle ?
Peste soit qui premier trouva l'invention
De s'affliger l'esprit de cette vision,
Et d'attacher l'honneur de l'homme le plus sage,
Aux choses que peut faire une femme volage.
Puis qu'on tient à bon droit tout crime personnel,
Que fait là notre honneur pour être criminel ?
Des actions d'autrui l'on nous donne le blâme.
Si nos femmes sans nous ont un commerce infâme,

The CUCKOLD in Conceit. 53

No body should ever bear such Affronts as these quietly, unless he were a Fool indeed. --- Let's hasten, then, to seek out this Rascal that abuses me, and prove my Courage by revenging my Dishonour. --- I'll teach you, you Rogue, to laugh at my Cost, and cuckold People without any Respect at all. --- But softly, if you please, [*after going three or four Steps, he comes back again*] this Man has very much the Look of one whose Blood is boiling, and his Temper passionate, and he may, perhaps, heaping one Affront upon another, even drub my back as well as horn my Head. --- I detest, with all my Soul, these fiery Tempers, and bear a vast Affection towards People that are peaceable. I'm no Fighter for fear of being beaten, and a gentle Disposition is my great Excellence. --- But my Honour informs me, that for such an Affront as this, it is absolutely requisite I should take my Revenge. --- Faith, let it say so as much as it pleases, the Devil take him for all that, who will put up nothing. --- Suppose now I should assume the Hero, and have for my Pains a Piece of cold Iron with a villainous Thrust pass quite thro' my Guts --- : when the News of my Death gets all the City over, tell me then, my Honour, --- shall you be the fatter for it? --- The Grave is too melancholy an Abode, and too unwholesome for People that are afraid of the Belly-ach : and I find, for my own part, that considering every thing, it is better to be even a Cuckold than to be dead. --- What Harm is there in't? After all, do one's Legs become thereby more crooked, or one's Shape lets handsom? A Plague take him that first found out the Way to afflict his Mind about such a Phantom, and link the Honour of the wisest Man to Things an inconstant Woman can do. Since every Crime with good Reason, is held to be meerly personal, how comes our Honour, in this Case, to be in the Fault? The Blame is laid on us for the Actions of other People. If our Wives without our Knowledge en-

54 LE COCU IMAGINAIRE.

Il faut que tout le mal tombe sur nôtre dos;
Elles font la sottise, & nous sommes les sots.
C'est un vilain abus, & les gens de Police
Nous devroient bien régler une telle injustice.
N'avons-nous pas assez des autres accidents
Qui nous viennent happer en dépit de nos dents ?
Les querelles, procès, faim, soif & maladie,
Troublent-ils pas assez le repos de la vie,
Sans s'aller de surcroît aviser sottement,
De se faire un chagrin qui n'a nul fondement ?
Moquons-nous de cela, méprisons les alarmes,
Et mettons sous nos pieds les soupirs & les larmes.
Si ma Femme a failli, qu'elle pleure bien fort,
Mais, pourquoi moi pleurer, puis que je n'ai point
tort ?

En tout cas ce qui peut m'ôter ma fâcherie,
C'est que je ne suis pas seul de ma Confrairie,
Voir cajoler sa femme, & n'en témoigner rien,
Se pratique aujourd'hui par force gens de bien.
N'allons donc point chercher à faire une querelle,
Pour un affront qui n'est que pure bagatelle.
L'on m'appellera Sot de ne me venger pas ;
Mais je le serois fort de courir au trépas.

Mettant la main sur son estomach,

Je me sens là pourtant remüer une bile,
Qui veut me conseiller quelque action virile :
Oùi, le courroux me prend, c'est trop être poltron;
Je veux résolument me venger du Larron :
Déjà pour commencer dans l'ardeur qui m'enflâme,
Je vais dire par tout qu'il couche avec ma Femme.



S C E N E

gage in an infamous Affair, all the Mischief must fall upon our Backs: they commit the Folly, and we are reckon'd the Fools. It's a vile Abuse, and indeed the Government should regulate such Injustice. ----- Have we not other Accidents enow, that will happen to us in spite of our Teeth? Quarrels, Law-Suits, Hunger, Thirst and Sickness, don't they sufficiently disturb the Quiet of our Lives, without going, over and above, stupidly, to create Uneasiness out of what has no Foundation? ---- Let's make a Jest of it, despise these Fancies, and be above Tears and Sighing. If my Wife has done amiss, let her lament very much for't, but why should I weep when I have done no Wrong? At any Rate, what should take away my Vexation is, I'm not the only one of my Fraternity. To see one's Wife courted, and take no Notice of it, is practis'd now-a-days by Multitudes of People of Condition. --- Don't let me, then, seek to make a Quarrel for an Affront which is but a very Trifle. They'll call me Fool for not avenging myself; but I should be greatly so to rush on my own Destruction.

Putting his Hand upon his Stomach.

I perceive, however, my Choler rises here, and would persuade me to some manly Action. Ay, Anger seizes me: ---- it is being too much a Coward: I'll revenge myself bravely upon the Rogue. --- To begin this Instant; in the Passion which now inflames me, I'll go and tell every where, that he lies with my Wife.



56 LE COCU IMAGINAIRE.



SCENE XVIII.

GORGIBUS, CELIE, LA SUIVANTE.

CELIE.

OUI, je veux bien subir une si juste Loi,
Mon Pere, disposez de mes vœux & de moi,
Faites, quand vous voudrez signer cet Himenée,
A suivre mon devoir je suis déterminée;
Je prétens gourmander mes propres sentimens,
Et me soumettre en tout à vos commandemens.

GORGIBUS.

Ah! voilà qui me plaît, de parler de la sorte,
Parbleu, si grande joie à l'heure me transporte,
Que mes jambes sur l'heure en caprioleroient,
Si nous n'étions point vûs de gens qui s'en riroient;
Approche toi de moi, vien ça que je t'embrasse:
Une telle action n'a pas mauvaise grace;
Un Pere quand il veut peut sa Fille baiser,
Sans que l'on ait sujet de s'en scandaliser.
Va, le contentement de te voir si bien née,
Me fera rajeunir de dix fois une année.



SCENE XIX.

CELIE, LA SUIVANTE.

LA SUIVANTE.

CE changement m'étonne.

CELIE.

Et lors que tu sauras
Par quel motif j'agis, tu m'en estimeras.

LA



S C E N E XVIII.

GORGIBUS, CELIA, and her *Waiting-Woman*.

CELIA.

YES, my Father, I'll yield willingly to so just a Law; dispose of me and of my Vows, and let us sign the Contract when you please; for I am now determined to perform my Duty, I intend to get the Mastery of my Inclinations, and submit to your Commands intirely.

GORGIBUS.

Ah! how she pleases me, by talking in this manner! Odsbobs! I'm so transported with Joy at present, that I should immediately cut Capers, were we not seen by People that would laugh at it. --- Come hither, Girl, come hither, I say, that I may embrace thee: such an Action is not indecent; a Father may kiss his Daughter when he has a mind to't, without any room for Scandal. ---- Well, the Satisfaction of finding you so dutiful will make me young again ten times a Year.



S C E N E XIX.

CELIA, and her *Waiting-Woman*.

WAITING-WOMAN.

THIS Alteration surprizes me.

CELIA.

And when you know from what Motive I act, you'll esteem me for it.

C 5

WAIT-

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LA SUIVANTE.

Cela pourroit bien être.

CE L I E.

Appren donc que Lélie

A pû blesser mon cœur par une perfidie,

Qu'il étoit en ces lieux fans. ---

LA SUIVANTE.

Mais il vient à nous.



S C E N E XX.

LELIE, CELIE, LA SUIVANTE.

LE L I E.

A Vant que pour jamais je m'éloigne de vous,
Je veux vous reprocher au moins en cette place ---

CE L I E.

Quoy, me parler encor! avez-vous cette audace?

LE L I E.

Il est vrai qu'elle est grande, & votre choix est tel,
Qu'à vous rien reprocher je serois criminel.

Vivez, vivez contente, & bravez ma memoire,
Avec le digne Epoux qui vous comble de gloire.

CE L I E.

Oùi, traître, j'y veux vivre; & mon plus grand desir,
Ce seroit que ton cœur en eût du déplaisir.

LE L I E.

Qui rend donc contre moi ce courroux legitime?

CE L I E.

Quoi, tu fais le surpris, & demandes ton crime?

S C E N E

WAITING-WOMAN.

That may be indeed.

CELIA.

Know then, that *Lelius* has been capable of wounding my Heart by his Falshood, and has been in these Parts without ----

WAITING-WOMAN.

But he's coming to us.



SCENE XX.

LELIUS, CELIA, and the Maid.

LELIUS.

BEfore I take my Leave of you for ever, I'll here for once reproach you.

CELIA.

What! ---. Speak to me again! hast thou the Insolence?

LELIUS.

I own 'tis great, and such thy Choice that to upbraid thee I should be to blame. ---- Live, live contented, and brave my Memory with that worthy Husband who heaps up Honours on you.

CELIA.

Yes, Traitor, I will live so; and my most earnest Wishes are that it may rack thy Soul.

LELIUS.

Whence then proceeds this furious Rage against me?

CELIA.

What! dost thou pretend Surprize, and ask thy Crimes?

SCENE



SCENE XXI.

CELIE, LELIE, SGANARELLE,
LA SUIVANTE.

SGANARELLE *entre armé.*

Guerre, guerre mortelle, à ce Larron d'honneur,
Qui sans miséricorde a souillé notre honneur.

CELIE à Lélie.

Tourne, tourne les yeux, sans me faire répondre.

LELIE.

Ah! je vois ---

CELIE.

Cet objet suffit pour te confondre.

LELIE.

Mais pour vous obliger bien plutôt à rougir.

SGANARELLE.

Ma colere à present est en état d'agir,
Dessus ses grands chevaux est monté mon courage,
Et si je le rencontre on va voir du carnage.
Oùi, j'ai juré sa mort, rien ne peut m'empêcher ;
Où je le trouverai, je le veux dépêcher.
Au beau milieu du cœur il faut que je lui donne ---

LELIE.

A qui donc en veut-on ?

SGANARELLE.

Je n'en veux à personne.

LELIE.

Pourquoi ces armes-là ?

SGANARELLE.

C'est un habillement

Que j'ai pris pour la pluie.

à part. Ah! quel contentement

J'aurois à le tuer! prenons-en le courage.

LELIE.



SCENE XXI.

CELIA, LELIUS, SGANARELL,
and the Waiting-Woman.

Enter SGANARELL in Armour.

WAR, mortal War to this Plunderer of Honour,
who has unmercifully contaminated our Re-
putation.

CELIA to Lelius.

Turn, turn away thy Eyes, and make me no reply.

LELIUS.

Ah! I see----

[*Observing Sganarell.*]

CELIA.

That Object is enough to put thee in Confusion.

LELIUS.

It should much rather force a Blush from you.

SGANARELL.

My Wrath, at present, is in an active Disposi-
tion, my Courage at the Tip-top, and if I meet him,
Slaughter shall be seen.---- Yes, I've vow'd his Death,
and nothing can restrain me; yes, I'll find him out,
I'll dispatch him: In the very Center of his Heart I'll
give him ----

LELIUS.

To whom must this be done?

SGANARELL.

I don't intend it to any Body.

LELIUS.

What means this Armour?

SGANARELL.

'Tis a Dress I put on against the Rain.

[*Aside.*] Ah! what a Satisfaction 'twould be to kill
him! --- let's take Courage.

LELIUS.

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LELIE.

Hay?

SGANARELLE.

Je ne parle pas.

*Se donnant des coups de poing sur l'estomach, & des
soufflets pour s'exciter.*

à part. Ah! poltron, dont j'enrage,

Lâche, vrai cœur de poule.

CELIE.

Il t'en doit dire assez
Cet objet dont tes yeux nous paroissent blessez.

LELIE.

Oùï, je connois par-là que vous êtes coupable
De l'infidélité la plus inexcusable,
Qui jamais d'un amant puisse outrager la foi.

SGANARELLE *à part.*

Que n'ai-je un peu de cœur!

CELIE.

Ah! cesse devant moi,

Traître, de ce discours l'insolence cruelle.

SGANARELLE.

Sganarelle tu vois qu'elle prend ta querelle,
Courage, mon enfant, sois un peu vigoureux :
Là, hardi, tâche à faire un effort généreux,
En le tuant tandis qu'il tourne le derriere.

*LELIE faisant deux ou trois pas sans dessein, fait
retourner Sganarelle qui s'approchoit pour le tuer.*

Puis qu'un pareil discours émeut votre colère,
Je dois de votre cœur me montrer satisfait,
Et l'applaudir ici du beau choix qu'il a fait.

CELIE.

Oùï, oùï, mon choix est tel qu'on n'y peut rien re-
prendre.

LELIE.

Allez, vous faites bien de le vouloir défendre.

SGANARELLE.

Sans doute elle a fait bien de défendre mes droits :

Cette

The CUCKOLD in Conceit. 63

LELIUS.

Hey?

SGANARELL.

I say nothing at all.

Giving himself Blows upon the Stomach, and boxing his own Ears to put himself in a Passion.

[*Aside.*] Ah! Coward that I'm provoking! Hen-hearted Poltron!

CELIA.

This Object that seems offensive to thy Sight, might say enough to thee.

LELIUS.

Yes, by him I know you guilty of the most inexcusable Falshood that could ever possibly abuse a Lover's Constancy.

SGANARELL *aside.*

Why have not I a little more Courage!

CELIA.

Ah! Traitor! cease, before me, the cruel Insolence of this Discourse.

SGANARELL.

Thou seest, Sganarell, she takes up thy Quarrel: Courage, my Lad, and be a little vigorous. Now; boldly, try to make one generous Effort, and kill him while his Back is turn'd.

LELIUS moving two or three Steps without Design, makes Sganarell return who was going near to kill him.

Since such Discourse stirs up your Anger, Madam, I ought to shew that I'm content with what your Heart approves, and here commend the lovely Choice which it has made.

CELIA.

Yes, yes, my Choice is such as cannot be found Fault with.

LELIUS.

You do well to be willing to defend it.

SGANARELL.

She does well, no doubt, to defend my Rights:—

This

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Cette action, Monsieur, n'est point selon les loix ;
J'ai raison de m'en plaindre ; & si je n'étois sage ;
On verroit arriver un étrange carnage.

LELIE.

D'où vous naît cette plainte ? & quel chagrin brutal ---

SGANARELLE.

Suffit, vous savez bien où le bât me fait mal ;
Mais votre conscience & le soin de votre ame
Vous devroient mettre aux yeux que ma Femme est
ma Femme ;

Et vouloir à ma barbe en faire votre bien,
Que ce n'est pas du tout agir en bon Chretien.

LELIE.

Un semblable soupçon est bas & ridicule :
Allez, dessus ce point n'ayez aucun scrupule.
Je fais qu'elle est à vous, & bien loin de brûler ---

CELIE.

Ah ! qu'ici tu fais bien, traître, dissimuler.

LELIE.

Quoi ? me soupçonnez-vous d'avoir une pensée
Dont son ame ait sujet de se croire offensée ?
De cette lâcheté voulez-vous me noircir ?

CELIE.

Parle, parle à lui-même, il pourra t'éclaircir.

SGANARELLE.

Non, non, vous dites mieux que je ne saurois faire,
Et du biais qu'il faut, vous prenez cette affaire.



SCENE

The CUCKOLD in Conceit. 65

This Action, Sir, is not according to the Laws; I have Reason to complain of it; and was I not discreet, strange Slaughter would be seen to ensue.

LELIUS.

Whence does your Complaint arise? and what unaccountable Uneasiness----

SGANARELL.

Very well, you know where the Saddle galls me. But Conscience and the Care of your own Soul should make you consider that my Wife is my Wife; and to carry on your Affair under my very Nose, is in no wise acting like a good Christian.

LELIUS.

Such a Supposition is mean and ridiculous! come, entertain no Scruples as to that Point: I know she belongs to you, and very far from being inflam'd,---

CELIA.

Oh! Traitor! how well thou canst dissemble!

LELIUS.

What? do you imagine me to have a Thought which need disturb his Mind?---- Would you slander me with such a Baseness?

CELIA.

Speak, speak to himself, he's able to inform you.

SGANARELL.

No, no, you take the matter intirely right, and talk much better than I am capable.



SCENE.



S C E N E XXII.

CELIE, LELIE, SGANARELLE,
SA FEMME, LA SUIVANTE.

LA FEMME DE SGANARELLE à Célie.

JE ne suis point d'humeur à vouloir contre vous
Faire éclater, Madame, un esprit trop jaloux :
Mais je ne suis point duppe, & vois ce qui se passe :
Il est de certains feux de fort mauvaise grace ;
Et votre ame devroit prendre un meilleur emploi,
Que de séduire un cœur qui doit n'être qu'à moi.

CELIE.

La déclaration est assez ingénue.

SGANARELLE à sa Femme.

L'on ne demande pas, carogne, ta venue,
Tu la viens quereller lorsqu'elle me défend,
Et tu trembles de peur qu'on t'ôte ton Galand.

CELIE.

Allez, ne croyez pas que l'on en ait envie.

Se tournant vers Lélie.

Tu vois si c'est mensonge, & j'en suis fort ravie.

LELIE.

Que me veut-on conter ?

LA SUIVANTE.

Ma foi je ne fais pas

Quand on verra finit ce galimatias :

Depuis assez long-tems je tâche à le comprendre,
Et si plus je l'écoute, & moins je puis l'entendre.
Je vois bien à la fin que je m'en dois mêler.

Allant se mettre entre Lélie & sa Maîtresse.

Répondez-moi par ordre, & me laissez parler. à Lélie.

Vous, qu'est-ce qu'à son cœur peut reprocher le vô-
tre ?

LELIE.



SCENE XXII.

CELIA, LELIUS, SGANARELL,
his Wife, and the Waiting-Woman.

SGANARELL's Wife to Celia.

I'M not in a Humour to discover against you a Temper that is over jealous: but, Madam, I am no Fool, and I see what passes. There are certain Passions of a very ill Appearance, and your Thoughts should be employed better than to seduce a Heart which ought to be mine alone.

CELIA.

This Declaration is plain enough.

SGANARELL to his Wife.

Nobody sent for you, you Baggage; — because she speaks for me, here you come to scold, and tremble for fear your Gallant should be taken from you.

CELIA.

Well, don't imagine any Body has a mind to him.

Turning towards Lelius.

You see whether this be a Falstiy, and I am mighty glad of it.

LELIUS.

What does this mean?

WAITING-WOMAN.

I don't know, Faith, when one shall see an End of these Perplexities; I have endeavoured long enough to comprehend them, but the more I hear, the less I understand. I find, at last, that I must interpose.

Placing herself between Lelius and her Mistress.

Pray, give me leave to speak, and reply to me in order. — [To Lelius.] Sir, what can your Heart reproach this Lady with?

LELIUS.

68 LE COCU IMAGINAIRE.

LELIE.

Que l'infidelle a pu me quitter pour un autre ;
Et que quand, sur le bruit de son Himen fatal,
J'accours tout transporté d'un amour sans égal,
Dont l'ardeur resistoit à se croire oubliée,
Mon abord en ces lieux la trouve mariée.

LA SUIVANTE.

Mariée ! à qui donc ?

LELIE *montrant Sganarelle.*

A lui.

LA SUIVANTE.

Comment à lui ?

LELIE.

Où-da.

LA SUIVANTE.

Qui vous l'a dit ?

LELIE.

C'est lui-même aujourd'hui.

LA SUIVANTE *à Sganarelle.*

Est-il vrai ?

SGANARELLE.

Moi ? j'ai dit que c'étoit ma Femme

Que j'étois marié.

LELIE.

Dans un grand trouble d'ame,
Tantôt de mon portrait je vous ai vû saisi.

SGANARELLE.

Il est vrai, le voilà.

LELIE.

Vous m'avez dit aussi,

Que celle aux mains de qui vous avez pris ce gage,
Etoit liée à vous des nœuds du mariage.

SGANARELLE *montrant sa Femme.*

Sans doute, & je l'avois de ses mains arraché,
Et n'eusse pas sans lui découvert son péché.

SA FEMME.

Que me viens-tu conter par ta plainte importune ?

Je

L E L I U S.

That the faithless Creature could forsake me for another; and that, when upon the Rumour of her unhappy Nuptials, I hurry'd hither, transported intirely by an unequall'd Passion, the Violence of which would not admit a Belief that I could be forgotten; at my Arrival I found her married.

WAITING-WOMAN.

Marry'd! to whom?

L E L I U S *pointing at Sganarell.*

To him.

WAITING-WOMAN.

How! to him!

L E L I U S.

Yes, indeed.

WAITING-WOMAN.

Who told you so?

L E L I U S.

Himself this very Day.

WAITING-WOMAN *to Sganarell.*

Is this true?

S G A N A R E L L.

What I! ---- to my own Wife it was I told you I was marry'd.

L E L I U S.

Under the greatest Agony of Soul, I saw my Picture in your Possession.

S G A N A R E L L.

True, here it is.

L E L I U S.

You, likewise told me, that she, from whose Hands you receiv'd this Pledge, was join'd to you in the Bands of Wedlock.

S G A N A R E L L *shewing his Wife.*

No doubt on't, for I forc'd it out of her Hands, and should not have found out her Wickedness without it.

W I F E.

What do you mean by your groundless Complaint?

70 LE COCU IMAGINAIRE.

Je l'avois sous mes-pieds rencontré par fortune,
Et même quand après ton injuste courroux,
J'ai fait dans sa foiblesse entrer Monsieur chez nous,
Montrant Lélie.

Je n'ai pas reconnu les traits de sa peinture.

CELIE.

C'est moi qui du portrait ai causé l'avanture,
Et je l'ai laissé cheoir en cette pamoison, à Sganarelle,
Qui m'a fait par vos soins remettre à la maison.

LA SUIVANTE.

Vous le voyez, sans moi vous y seriez encore,
Et vous aviez besoin de mon peu d'Ellébore.

SGANARELLE.

Prendrons-nous tout ceci pour de l'argent comptant ?
Mon front l'a, sur mon ame, eu bien chaude pourtant.

SA FEMME.

Ma crainte toutefois n'est pas trop dissipée,
Et doux que soit le mal, je crains d'être trompée.

SGANARELLE.

Hé ! mutuellement croyons-nous gens de bien.
Je risque plus du mien, que tu ne fais du tien,
Accepte sans façon le parti qu'on propose.

SA FEMME.

Soit ; mais gare le bois si j'apprens quelque chose.

CELIE.

à Lélie après avoir parlé bas ensemble.

Ah Dieux ! s'il est ainsi, qu'est-ce donc que j'ai fait ?
Je dois de mon courroux apprehender l'effet :
Oui, vous croyant sans foi, j'ai pris pour ma vengeance
Le malheureux secours de mon obéissance.
Et depuis un moment mon cœur vient d'accepter
Un Himen que toujours j'eus lieu de rebuter ;

J'ai

The CUCKOLD in Conceit. 74

I met with it under Foot by Accident: and even when after your causeless Fury, I desired this Gentleman to come in when he was fainting, [*Shewing Lelius.*] I discover'd not the Features of his Picture.

CELIA.

'Twas I occasion'd the Adventure of the Picture. [*To Sganarell.*] I let it fall, in that swooning Fit, which made me want your Assistance to carry me back into the House.

WAITING-WOMAN.

You find without my Help you had still been at a Loss, and that you had some need of my little Understanding.

SGANARELL.

Shall we take all this for current Coin?---My Forehead tho' had a very warm Effect upon my Mind.

WIFE.

My Fear, however, is not so soon dissipated, and small as the Mischief may seem, I dread the being deceiv'd.

SGANARELL.

Well, let us mutually suppose ourselves to be People of Honour. I hazard more o' my Side than you o' yours; accept, therefore, without Ceremony the Course proposed.

WIFE.

Agreed; but Wo be to you if I discover any thing.

CELIA.

To Lelius after whispering together.

You Gods! if it be so, what have I done? How must I dread the Effect of my own Fury!---imagining you false, I, to be reveng'd, took the unhappy Method of complying with my Father, and but a Moment since, came from accepting a Match, which my Heart before had always Reason to refuse.---

I've

72 LE COCU IMAGINAIRE.

J'ai promis à mon Pere, & ce qui me desole ---
Mais je le vois venir.

LELIE.

Il me tiendra parole.



SCENE XXIII.

CELIE, LELIE, GORGIBUS,
SGANARELLE, SA FEMME,
LA SUIVANTE.

LELIE.

Monsieur, vous me voyez en ces lieux de retour,
Brûlant des mêmes feux, & mon ardente amour
Verra, comme je crois, la promesse accomplie,
Qui me donna l'espoir de l'Himen de Celie.

GORGIBUS.

Monsieur, que je revois en ces lieux de retour,
Brûlant des mêmes feux, & dont l'ardente amour
Verra, que vous croyez, la promesse accomplie,
Qui vous donne l'espoir de l'Himen de Celie,
Très-humble Serviteur à votre Seigneurie.

LELIE.

Quoi, Monsieur, est-ce ainsi qu'on trahit mon espoir?

GORGIBUS.

Oùï, Monsieur, c'est ainsi que je fais mon devoir,
Ma fille en suit les loix.

CELIE.

Mon devoir m'interesse,
Mon Pere, à dégager vers lui votre promesse.

GORGIBUS.

Est-ce répondre en fille à mes commandemens?
Tu te démens bien-tôt de tes bons sentimens,
Pour Valere tantôt --- Mais j'apperçois son Pere,
Il vient assurément pour conclure l'affaire.

SCENE

The CUCKOLD in Conceit. 73

I've made a Promise to my Father, and what afflicts me ---- but I spy him coming.

LELIUS.

He shall keep his Word with me.



SCENE XXIII.

CELIA, LELIUS, GORGIBUS,
SGANARELL, HIS WIFE, and
CELIA's Waiting-Woman.

LELIUS.

SIR, you see me return'd hither, inflam'd with the same Love; and now, I presume, my ardent Passion shall find that Promise accomplish'd, which gave me hopes of marrying *Celia*.

GORGIBUS.

Sir, ---- whom I see return'd hither, inflam'd with the same Love; whose ardent Passion, shall now, you presume, find that Promise accomplish'd, which gave you Hopes of marrying *Celia*: ---- I am your Worship's most obedient Servant.

LELIUS.

What! Sir, is it thus you betray my Hopes?

GORGIBUS.

Ay, Sir, it is thus I do my Duty, and my Daughter follows the Directions of it.

CELIA.

My Duty engages me, my dear Father, to make good your Promise to him.

GORGIBUS.

Is this submitting to my Commands like a Daughter? You quickly degenerate from your good Inclinations for *Valerio* just now ---- But I see his Father, who certainly comes to finish the Affair.

D

SCENE



SCENE DERNIERE.

CELIE, LELIE, GORGIBUS,
SGANARELLE, SA FEMME,
VILLEBREQUIN, LA SUIVANTE.

GORGIBUS.

QUI vous amene ici, Seigneur Villebrequin?
VILLEBREQUIN.

Un secret important que j'ai sçu ce matin,
Qui rompt absolument ma parole donnée.
Mon Fils, dont votre Fille acceptoit l'Himénée,
Sous des liens cachez trompant les yeux de tous,
Vit depuis quatre mois avec Lise en Epoux;
Et comme des Parens le bien & la naissance
M'ôtent tout le pouvoir de casser l'Alliance,
Je vous viens ----

GORGIBUS.

Brisons-là, si sans votre congé,
Valere votre Fils ailleurs s'est engagé,
Je ne vous puis celer que ma fille Célie
Dès long-temps par moi même est promise à Lélie,
Et que riche en vertus son retour aujourd'hui
M'empêche d'agréer un autre époux que lui.

VILLEBREQUIN.

Un tel choix me plaît fort.

LELIE.

Et cette juste envie
D'un bonheur éternel va couronner ma vie.

GORGIBUS.

Allons choisir le jour pour se donner la foi.

SGANARELLE.

A-t-on mieux crû jamais être cocu que moi?

Vous



SCENE THE LAST.

CELIA, LELIUS, GORGIBUS,
SGANARELL, *his Wife*, VILLEBRE-
QUIN, *and Celia's Waiting-Woman.*

G O R G I B U S.

W^Hat brings you hither, Mr. *Villebrequin*?

V I L L E B R E Q U I N.

A Secret of Importance, that I have learn'd this Morning, which absolutely breaks the Promise I have given. My Son, whom your Daughter should be marry'd to, deceiving every Body by a private Wedding, has liv'd for four Months past with *Lucia* as her Husband; and as her Parents, her Fortune, and her Birth, make it impossible for me to break off the Alliance, I come to you----

G O R G I B U S.

No more of that; if your Son *Valerio*, without your Leave, has engaged himself elsewhere, I must tell you, that for a long while past, my Daughter *Celia*, has, by myself, been promised to *Lelius*, and that his Return to-day, enrich'd with every Virtue, restrains me from consenting to any other Match.

V I L L E B R E Q U I N.

I'm much pleas'd at such a Choice.

L E L I U S.

And this honest Intention will crown my Days with never-ending Happiness.

G O R G I B U S.

Let's go and appoint the Day for performing my Promise.

S G A N A R E L L.

Had ever Man more Reason than I to conclude him-

76 LE COCU IMAGINAIRE.

Vous voyez qu'en ce fait la plus forte apparence
Peut jeter dans l'esprit une fausse créance.
De cet exemple-ci ressouvenez-vous bien ;
Et quand vous verriez tout, ne croyez jamais rien.

F I N.



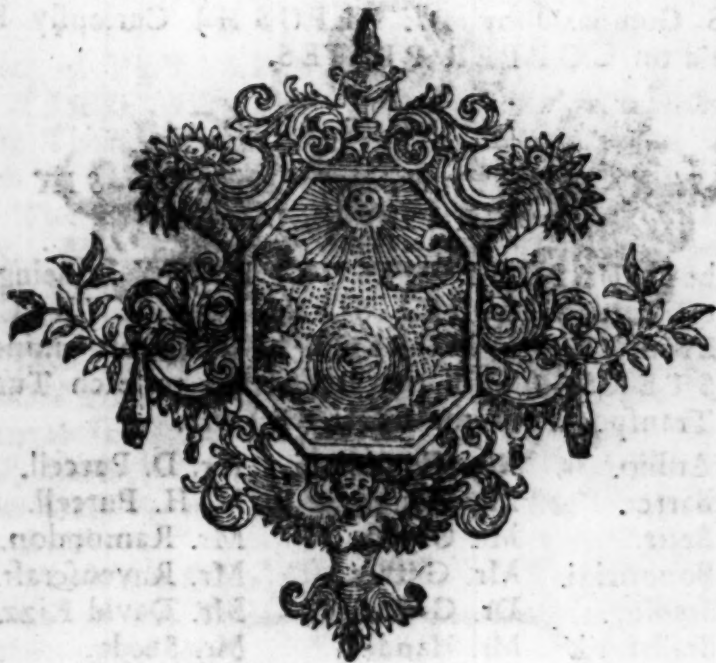
The CUCKOLD in Conceit. 77

himself a Cuckold?----you perceive that, in this Affair, the strongest Probability, may, in the Mind, occasion a Belief that's false.

Fixt in your Mind let this Example be,

Nor any thing believe ---- when all you see.

The E N D.





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